An ESSAY
ON THE
Different Stiles
OF
POETRY.

A

Parnell, Thomas.

AN ESSAY ON THE Different Stiles OF POETRY.

——Vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.

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PREFACE.

ALlegory *is in it self so retired a way of Writing, that it was thought proper to say something beforehand concerning this Piece which is intirely fram'd upon it.*

The Design *therefore is to show the several* Stiles *which have been made use of by those who have endeavour'd to write in Verse. The* Scheme *by which it is carry'd on, supposes an old* Grecian Poet *couching his Observations or Instructions within an* Allegory; *which* Allegory *is wrought out upon the single word* Flight, *as in the* figurative *way it signifies a Thought above the common* Level: Here Wit

is made to be Pegaſus, *and the* Poet *his* Rider, *who flies by ſeveral* Countries *where he muſt not touch, by which are meant ſo many vicious* Stiles, *and arrives at laſt at the* Sublime.

This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the Fancy whenever it is well perform'd, but it has been thought alſo one of the firſt that the Poets *made uſe of. Hence aroſe many of thoſe Stories concerning the* Heathen Gods, *which at firſt were invented to inſinuate Truth and Morality more pleaſingly, and which afterwards made* Poetry *it ſelf more ſolemn, when they happen'd to be receiv'd into the* Heathen Divinity. *And indeed there ſeems to be no likelier way by which a* Poetical Genius *may yet appear as an* Original, *than that he ſhould proceed with a full compaſs of Thought and Knowledge,*

either

either to design his Plan, or to beautify the Parts of it, in an Allegorical *manner. We are much beholden to* Antiquity *for those excellent Compositions by which Writers at present form their Minds; but it is not so much requir'd of us to adhere meerly to their Fables, as to observe their Manner. For if we preclude our own Invention, Poetry will consist only in Expression, or Simile, or the Application of old Stories; and the utmost Character to which a Genius can arrive, will depend on Imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call Stealing, because we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongst our selves, such as* Spencer *and* Milton, *who have successfully ventur'd further. These Instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done be-*

for

fore, they may open our Imaginations, and be one Method of preſerving us from Writing without Schemes.

As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will obſerve, that its Aim is Inſtruction. *Perhaps a repreſentation of ſeveral Miſtakes and Difficulties which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter ſome from attempting what they have not been made for: And perhaps the deſcription of ſeveral Beauties belonging to it, may afford Hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving Mankind. If either of theſe happen the Poem is uſeful; and upon that Account its Faults may be more eaſily excuſed.*

I

An

An ESSAY ON THE Different Stiles OF POETRY.

TO

HENRY,

Lord Viſcount

BOLINGBROKE.

I Hate the *Vulgar* with untuneful Mind,
Hearts uninſpir'd, and Senſes unrefin'd.
Hence ye *Prophane*, I raiſe the ſounding String,
And BOLINGBROKE deſcends to hear me ſing.

When *Greece* cou'd Truth in *Mystick* Fable shroud,
And with Delight instruct the list'ning Crowd;
An ancient *Poet* (*Time* has lost his Name)
Deliver'd Strains on Verse to future *Fame*.
Still as he sung he touch'd the trembling Lyre,
And felt the Notes a rising Warmth inspire.
Ye sweet'ning *Graces* in the Musick Throng,
Assist my *Genius*, and retrieve the Song
From dark *Oblivion*. See, my *Genius* goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the *Poem* rose.

WIT is the *Muses* Horse, and bears on high
The daring *Rider* to the *Muses* Sky:
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,
By *Regions* varying in their Nature, flies.

At first he riseth o'er a *Land* of Toil,
A barren, hard, and undeserving Soil,

Where

Where only Weeds from heavy Labour grow,
Which yet the Nation prune, and keep for ſhow.
Where *Couplets* jingling on their Accent run,
Whoſe point of *Epigram* is ſunk to *Pun.*
Where * *Wings* by *Fancy* never feather'd fly,
Where Lines by meaſure form'd in *Hatchets* lie;
Where *Altars* ſtand, erected *Porches* gape,
And Senſe is cramp'd while Words are par'd to [ſhape;
Where mean *Acroſticks* labour'd in a Frame,
On ſcatter'd Letters raiſe a painful Scheme;
And by Confinement in their Work controul
The great Enlargings of the boundleſs Soul.
Where if a Warriour's elevated Fire
Wou'd all the brighteſt Strokes of Verſe require,

* Theſe and the like Conceits of putting Poems into ſeveral Shapes by the different Lengths of Lines, are frequent in old Poets of moſt Languages.

Then streight in *Anagram* a wretched Crew
Will pay their undeserving Praises too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed *Name*
Must tell its Master's Character to *Fame*.
And (if my Fire and Fears aright presage)
The lab'ring Writers of a future Age
Shall clear new ground, and Grotts and Caves [repair,
To civilize the babbling *Ecchoes* there.
Then while a Lover treads a lonely Walk,
His Voice shall with its own Reflection talk,
The closing Sounds of all the vain Device,
Select by trouble frivolously nice,
Resound through Verse, and with a false Pretence
Support the Dialogue, and pass for Sense.
Can things like these to lasting Praise pretend?
Can any *Muse* the worthless Toil befriend?

Ye ſacred *Virgins*, in my Thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my Lines deplor'd!
If Tricks on Words acquire an endleſs Name,
And Trifles merit in the Court of *Fame*.

" At this the *Poet* ſtood concern'd a while,
" And view'd his Objects with a ſcornful Smile:
" Then other *Images* of diff'rent kind,
" With diff'rent Workings enter'd on his Mind;
" At whoſe Approach he felt the former gone,
" And ſhiver'd in Conceit, and thus went on.

By a cold *Region* next the *Rider* goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal Snows;
Where no bright *Genius* drives the Chariot high,
To glitter on the Ground, and gild the Sky.

Bleak level *Realm*, where *Frigid Stiles* abound,
Where never yet a daring Thought was found,
But counted Feet is *Poetry* defin'd;
And starv'd *Conceits* that chill the Reader's Mind
A little Sense in many Words imply,
And drag with loit'ring numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious *Speeches* half asleep,
Prolong'd in Lines, o'er many Pages creep;
Nor ever shew the Passions well exprest,
Nor raise like Passions in another's Breast.
Here flat *Narrations* fair Exploits debase,
In Measures void of ev'ry shining Grace;
Which never arm their *Hero* for the Field,
Nor with *Prophetick Story* paint the Shield,
Nor fix the Crest, or make the Feathers wave,
Or with their Characters reward the Brave;

Undeck'd

Undeck'd they ſtand, and unadorn'd with Praiſe,
And fail to profit while they fail to pleaſe.
Here forc'd *Deſcription* is ſo ſtrangely wrought,
It never ſtamps its Image on the Thought;
The liveleſs Trees may ſtand for ever bare,
And Rivers ſtop, for ought the Readers care;
They ſee no Branches trembling in the Woods,
Nor hear the Murmurs of encreaſing Floods,
Which near the Roots with ruffled Waters flow,
And ſhake the ſhadows of the Boughs below.
Ah ſacred *Verſe*, replete with heav'nly Flame,
Such cold Endeavours wou'd invade thy Name!
The *Writer* fondly wou'd in theſe ſurvive,
Which wanting Spirit never *ſeem'd* alive:
But if *Applauſe* or *Fame* attend his Pen,
Let breathleſs Statues paſs for breathing Men.

" Here seem'd the *Singer* touch'd at what he sung,

" And Grief a while delay'd his Hand and Tongue:

" But soon he check'd his Fingers, chose a Strain,

" And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again.

Pass the next *Region* which appears to show,
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble Flights of elevated Thought,
No nervous strength of Sense maturely wrought,
Possess this Realm; but common *Turns* are there,
Which idely sportive move with childish Air.
On callow Wings, and like a Plague of Flies,
The little *Fancies* in a *Poem* rise,
The jaded *Reader* ev'ry where to strike,
And move his Passions ev'ry where alike.

There

There all the graceful *Nymphs* are forc'd to play
Where any Water bubbles in the way:
There ſhaggy *Satyrs* are oblig'd to rove
In all the Fields, and over all the Grove:
There ev'ry Star is ſummon'd from its Sphear,
To dreſs one Face, and make *Clorinda* fair:
There *Cupids* fling their Darts in ev'ry Song,
While Nature ſtands neglected all along:
Till the teiz'd *Hearer*, vex'd at laſt to find
One conſtant Object ſtill aſſault the Mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And haſtes to ſhun the perſecuting View.
There bright *Surprizes* of *Poetick* Rage,
(Whoſe Strength and Beauty more confirm'd in Age
For having laſted, laſt the longer ſtill)
By weak Attempts are imitated ill,

Or carry'd on beyond their proper Light,
Or with Refinement flourish'd out of sight.
There *Metaphors* on *Metaphors* abound,
And Sense by differing Images confound:
Strange injudicious Management of Thought,
Not born to Rage, nor into Method brought.
Ah, sacred *Muse!* from such a Realm retreat,
Nor idly waste the Influence of thy Heat
On shallow Soils, where quick Productions rise,
And wither as the Warmth that rais'd them dies.

" Here o'er his Breast a sort of Pity roll'd,
" Which something lab'ring in the Mind controul'd,
" And made him touch the loud-resounding Strings,
" While thus with Musick's stronger Tones he sings.

Mount

Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful Seat,
Mind the firm Reins, and curb thy *Courser*'s Heat;
Nor let him touch the *Realms* that next appear,
Whose hanging Turrets seem a Fall to fear,
And strangely stand along the Tracts of Air,
Where Thunders roll, and bearded Comets glare.
The *Thoughts* that most extravagantly soar,
The *Words* that sound as if they meant to *roar*;
For *Rant* and *Noise* are offer'd here to Choice,
And stand elected by the *Publick Voice*.
All *Schemes* are slighted which attempt to shine
At once with strange and probable Design;
'Tis here a mean Conceit, a vulgar View,
That bears the least Respect to seeming true;
While ev'ry trifling turn of things is seen
To move by Gods descending in Machine.

Here swelling *Lines* with stalking Strut proceed,
And in the Clouds terrifick Rumblings breed:
Here single Heroes *deal grim Deaths around,*
And Armies perish in tremendous Sound:
Here fearful Monsters *are preserv'd to die,*
In such a Tumult as affrights the Sky;
For which the Golden Sun *shall hide with dread,*
And Neptune *lift his sedgy-matted Head,*
Admire the Roar, and dive with dire Dismay,
And seek his deepest Chambers in the Sea.
To raise their Subject thus the Lines devise,
And false *Extravagance* wou'd fain surprize;
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by Fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing Monsters here:
But with Compassion guard the Brain of Men,
If thus they bellow through the *Poet*'s Pen:

So

So will the *Readers* Eyes discern aright
The rashest *Sally* from the noblest *Flight*,
And find that only *Boast* and *Sound* agree
To seem the *Life* and *Voice* of *Majesty*,
When *WRITERS* rampant on *Apollo* call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his Flames afford a wild Pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common Sense.
Ah, sacred *Verse!* lest *Reason* quit thy Seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler Heat.

. . . . . .

" 'Twas here the *Singer* felt his Temper wrought
" By fairer Prospects, which arose to Thought;
" And in himself a while collected sat,
" And much admir'd at this, and much at that;

" Till

" Till all the beauteous *Forms* in order ran,
" And then he took their Track, and thus began,

Above the Beauties, far above the Show
In which weak *Nature* dresses here below,
Stands the great *Palace* of the *Bright* and *Fine*,
Where fair Ideas in full Glory shine,
Eternal Models of exalted Parts,
The Pride of Minds, and Conquerors of Hearts.

Upon the first Arrival here, are seen
Rang'd Walks of *Bay*, the *Muses ever-Green*,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred Bough,
Whose circling Shade adorn'd a *Poet*'s Brow,
While through the Leaves, in unmolested Skies,
The gentle breathing of *Applauses* flies,

And

And flatt'ring Sounds are heard within the Breze,
And pleasing Murmur runs among the Trees,
And Falls of Water join the flatt'ring Sounds,
And Murmur soft'ning from the Shore rebounds.
The warbled Melody, the lovely Sights,
The Calms of Solitude inspire Delights,
The dazzled Eyes, the ravish'd Ears, are caught,
The panting Heart unites to purer Thought,
And grateful Shiverings wander o'er the Skin,
And wondrous *Ecstasies* arise within,
Whence *Admiration* overflows the Mind,
And leaves the Pleasure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring *Rider*, now no longer rove;
Now pass to find the *Palace* through the *Grove*;
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The *Realm* you sought for, daring *Rider* stay.

Here various *Fancy* spreads a vary'd Scene,
And *Judgment* likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd its self, and helps to please,
And joins the Work, and regulates the Lays.
Thus on a Plan, design'd by double Care,
The *Building* rises in the glittering Air,
With just Agreement fram'd in ev'ry part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest Art.

Here Lawrel-boughs, which ancient *Heroes* wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the Pillars which the *Poets* rear,
And slope their Points to make a *Foliage* there.
Here Chaplets pull'd in gently-breathing Wind,
And wrought by *Lovers* innocently kind,

Hung

Hung o'er the Porch, their fragrant Odours give,
And freſh in laſting Song for ever live.
The Shades, for whom with ſuch indulgent care
Fame wreaths the Boughs or hangs the Chaplets there,
To deathleſs Honours thus preſerv'd above,
For Ages conquer, or for Ages love.

Here bold *Deſcription* paints the Walls within,
Her Pencil touches, and the *World* is ſeen:
The Fields look beauteous in their flow'ry Pride,
The Mountains rear aloft, the Vales ſubſide,
The Cities riſe, the Rivers ſeem to play,
And hanging Rocks repell the foaming Sea;
The foaming Seas their angry Billows ſhow,
Curl'd White above, and darkly roll'd below,

Or ceaſe their Rage, and as they calmly lie,
Return the pleaſing Pictures of the Sky;
The Skies extended in an open View,
Appear a lofty diſtant Arch of *Blue*,
In which *Deſcription* ſtains the painted Bow,
Or thickens Clouds, and feathers out the Snow,
Or mingles Bluſhes in the Morning ray,
Or gilds the Noon, or turns an Evening gray.

Here on the *Pedeſtalls* of *War* and *Peace*,
In diff'rent Rows, and with a diff'rent Grace,
Fine *Statues* proudly ride, or nobly ſtand,
To which *Narration* with a pointing Hand
Directs the Sight, and makes Examples pleaſe
By boldly vent'ring to dilate in Praiſe,

While chosen Beauties lengthen out the Song,
Yet make her Hearers never think it long.
Or if with closer Art, with sprightly Mien,
Scarce like her self, and more like *Action* seen,
She bids their Facts in Images arise,
And seem to pass before the *Readers* Eyes,
The Words like Charms inchanted Motion give,
And all the *Statues* of the *Palace* live.
Then Hosts embattel'd stretch their Lines afar,
Their Leaders Speeches animate the War,
The Trumpets sound, the feather'd Arrows fly,
The Sword is drawn, the Lance is toss'd on high,
The Brave press on, the fainter Forces yield,
And *Death* in differing Shapes deforms the Field,
Or shou'd the Shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly Pipe beguiles the Day,

And jocund *Ecchoes* dally with the Sound,
And *Nymphs* in measures trip along the ground,
And e're the Dews have wet the Grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

Here, as on Circumstance *Narrations* dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,
The Toil of *Heroes* on the dusty Plains,
Or on the Green the Merriment of *Swains*,
Reflection speaks, then all the *Forms* that rose
In Life's inchanted Scene themselves compose;
Whilst the grave Voice, controlling all the Spells
With solemn Utt'rance, thus the *Moral* tells:
So PUBLICK WORTH *its Enemies destroys*,
Or PRIVATE INNOCENCE *it self enjoys*.

Here

Here all the *Passions*, for their greater sway,
In all the Pow'r of Words themselves array;
And hence the soft *Pathetick* gently charms,
And hence the Bolder fills the Breast with Arms.
Sweet *Love* in Numbers finds a World of *Darts*,
And with *Desirings* wounds the tender Hearts.
Fair *Hope* displays its Pinnions to the Wind,
And flutters in the Lines, and lifts the Mind.
Brisk *Joy* with Transport fills the rising Strain,
Breaks in the Notes, and bounds in ev'ry Vein.
Stern *Courage*, glittering in the sparks of *Ire*,
Inflames those Lays that set the Breast on fire.
Aversion learns to fly with swifter Will,
In Numbers taught to represent an Ill.
By frightful Accents *Fear* produces Fears.
By sad Expression *Sorrow* melts to Tears.

And dire *Amazement* and *Despair* are brought
By words of *Horror* through the Wilds of Thought,
'Tis thus tumultuous *Passions* learn to roll;
Thus arm'd with *Poetry* they win the Soul.

Pass further through the *Dome*, another View
Wou'd now the Pleasures of thy Mind renew;
Where oft *Description* for the Colours goes,
Which raise and animate its native Shows;
Where oft *Narration* seeks a florid Grace
To keep from sinking e're 'tis time to cease;
Where easy turns *Reflection* looks to find,
When *Morals* aim at Dress to please the Mind;
Where lively *Figures* are for Use array'd,
And these an *Action*, those a *Passion*, aid,

There

There modeſt *Metaphors* in order ſit,
With unaffected undiſguiſing Wit,
That leave their own, and ſeek anothers place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an eaſy pace,
To deck a Notion faintly ſeen before,
And *Truth* preſerves her ſhape, and ſhines the more.

By theſe the beauteous *Similes* reſide,
In Look more open, in Deſign ally'd,
Who, fond of Likeneſs, from anothers Face
Bring ev'ry Feature's correſponding Grace,
With near approaches in Expreſſion flow,
And take the turn their Pattern loves to ſhow;
As in a Glaſs the Shadows meet the Fair,
And dreſs and practice with reſembling Air.

Thus *Truth*, by Pleasure doth her Aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled View.

There *Repetitions* one another meet,
Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
And raise the sort of Sentiment they please,
And urge the sort of Sentiment they raise.

There close in order are the *Questions* plac'd,
Which march with Art conceal'd in shows of haste,
And work the *Reader* till his Mind be brought
To make its Answers in the *Writers* Thought.
For thus the moving *Passions* seem to throng,
And with their Quickness force the Soul along;
And thus the Soul grows fond they shou'd prevail,
When ev'ry *Question* seems a fair Appeal;

And

And if by just degrees of Strength they soar,
In Steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange *Commotion* naturally shown,
Speaks on regardless that we speak alone,
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
The warmth of *Anger* dares an absent *Foe*;
The words of *Pity* speak to Tears of *Woe*;
The *Love* that hopes, on Errands sends the Breeze;
And *Love despairing* moans to naked Trees.

There stand the new *Creations* of the *Muse*,
Poetick Persons, whom the *Writers* use
Whene'er a Cause magnificently great,
Wou'd fix Attention with peculiar weight.

'Tis hence that humbled *Provinces* are seen
Transform'd to *Matrons* with neglected Mien,
Who call their *Warriors* in a mournful Sound,
And shew their Crowns of *Turrets* on the ground,
While over *Urns* reclining *Rivers* moan
They shou'd enrich a Nation not their own.
'Tis hence the *Virtues* are no more confin'd
To be but Rules of Reason in the Mind;
Their heav'nly *Forms* start forth, appear to breath,
And in bright Shapes converse with Men beneath,
And, as a *God*, in Combat *Valour* leads,
In Council *Prudence* as a *Goddess* aids.

There *Exclamations* all the Voice employ
In sudden Flushes of *Concern* or *Joy*:

Then

Then ſeem the Sluices which the *Paſſions* bound,
To burſt aſunder with a ſpeechleſs Sound;
And then with Tumult and Surprize they roul,
And ſhew the Caſe important in the Soul.

There riſing *Sentences* attempt to ſpeak,
Which *Wonder*, *Sorrow*, *Shame*, or *Anger*, break;
But ſo the *Part* directs to find the reſt,
That what remains behind is more than gheſt.
Thus fill'd with Eaſe, yet left unfiniſh'd too,
The Senſe looks large within the Readers View;
He freely gathers all the *Paſſion* means,
And artful *Silence* more than Words explains.

Methinks a thouſand *Graces* more I ſee,
And I cou'd dwell — But when wou'd Thought be free?

Engaging *Method* ranges all the Band,
And smooth *Transition* joins them hand in hand:
Around the Musick of my Lays they throng,
Ah too deserving Objects of my Song!
Live wondrous *Palace*, live secure of Time,
To Senses *Harmony*, to Souls *sublime*,
And just *Proportion* all, and great *Design*,
And lively *Colours*, and an *Air divine*.

'Tis here, that guided by the *Muses* Fire,
And fill'd with sacred Thought, her *Friends* retire,
Unbent to Care, and unconcern'd with Noise,
To taste Repose and elevated Joys,
Which in a deep untroubled Leisure meet,
Serenely ravishing politely sweet,

From

From hence the *Charms* that most engage they
choose,
And as they please the glittering Objects use;
While to their *Genius* more than *Art* they trust,
Yet *Art* acknowledges their Labours just.
From hence they look, from this exalted Show,
To choose their Subject in the World below,
And where an *Hero* well deserves a Name,
They consecrate his Acts in Song to *Fame*;
Or if a *Science* unadorn'd they find,
They smooth its Look to please and teach the [Mind;
And where a *Friendship*'s generously strong,
They celebrate the Knot of Souls in Song;
Or if the *Verses* must inflame *Desire*,
The Thoughts are melted, and the Words on fire:
But when the *Temples* deck'd with Glory stand,
And Hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,

Their Bosoms kindle with *Celestial Love*,
And then alone they cast their Eyes above.
Hail sacred *Verse!* ye sacred *Muses* hail!
Cou'd I your Pleasures with your Fire reveal,
The World might then be taught to know you [right,
And court your Rage, and envy my Delight.
But whilst I follow where your pointed Beams
My Course directing shoot in golden Streams,
The bright Appearance dazzles *Fancy*'s Eyes,
And weary'd out the fix'd *Attention* lies,
Enough my *Verses* have you work'd my Breast,
I'll seek the sacred *Grove*, and sink to Rest.

" No longer now the ravish'd *Poet* sung,
" His Voice in easy Cadence left the Tongue;
" *Nor o'er the* Musick did his Fingers fly,
The Sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O BOLINGBROKE! O Fav'rite of the Skies,
O born to Gifts by which the Noblest rise,
Improv'd in Arts by which the Brightest please,
Intent to Business, and polite for Ease;
Sublime in Eloquence, where loud *Applause*
Hath stil'd thee *Patron* of a Nation's Cause.
'Twas there the *World* perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence *ANNA* call'd thee to the Reins of State;
Go, said the Greatest *Queen*, with *OXFORD* go,
And still the Tumults of the World below,
Exert thy Powers, and prosper; he that knows
To move with *OXFORD* never shou'd repose.
She spoke: the *Patriot* overspread thy Mind,
And all thy Days to publick Good resign'd.
Else might thy Soul so wonderfully wrought
For ev'ry depth and turn of curious Thought,

To this the *Poet*'s sweet *Recess* retreat,
And thence report the Pleasures of the Seat,
Describe the Raptures which a *Writer* knows,
When in his Breast a Vein of Fancy glows,
Describe his Business while he works the Mine,
Describe his Temper when he sees it shine,
Or say when *Readers* easy Verse insnares,
How much the *Writers* Mind can act on theirs:
Whence *Images* in charming Numbers set,
A sort of Likeness in the Soul beget,
And what fair *Visions* oft we fancy nigh
By fond Delusions of the swimming Eye,
Or further pierce through *Natures* Maze to find
How *Passions* drawn give *Passions* to the Mind.

Oh what a ſweet Confuſion! what Surprize!
How quick the ſhifting Views of Pleaſure riſe!
While lightly skimming, with a tranſient Wing,
I touch the Beauties which I wiſh to ſing.
Is *Verſe* a ſov'raign Regent of the *Soul*,
And fitted all its Motions to controul?
Or are they Siſters, tun'd at once above,
And ſhake like *Uniſons* if either move?
For when the Numbers ſing an eager Fight,
I've heard a Soldier's Voice expreſs Delight;
I've ſeen his Eyes with crowding Spirits ſhine,
And round his Hilt his Hand unthinking twine.
When from the Shore the fickle *Trojan* flies,
And in ſweet Meaſures poor *Eliza* dies,
I've ſeen the Book forſake the Virgins Hand,
And in their Eyes the Tears but hardly ſtand.

I've known them blush at soft *Corinna*'s Name,
And in red Characters confess a Flame:
Or wish Success had more adorn'd his Arms,
Who gave the World for *Cleopatra*'s Charms.

Ye Sons of *Glory*, be my first Appeal,
If here the Pow'r of Lines these Lines reveal.
When some great Youth has with impetuous Thought
Read o'er Atchievements which another wrought,
And seen his *Courage* and his *Honour* go
Through crowding Nations in *Triumphant* Show,
His Soul enchanted by the Words he reads
Shines all impregnated with sparkling Seeds,
And *Courage* here, and *Honour* there, appears
In brave Design that soars beyond his Years,

And

And *this* a Spear, and *that* a Chariot lends,
And War and Triumph he by turns attends:
Thus gallant Pleasures are his waking Dream,
Till some fair Cause have call'd him forth to Fame.
Then form'd to Life on what the *Poet* made,
And breathing Slaughter, and in Arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring Foe,
And *Emulation* acts in ev'ry Blow.
Great *Hector's* Shade in Fancy stalks along,
From Rank to Rank amongst the Martial Throng,
While from his Acts he learns a Noble Rage,
And shines like *Hector* in the present Age.
Thus Verse will raise him to the Victor's Bays,
And Verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his Praise.

Ye tender *Beauties*, be my Witness too,
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.
With sweet Experience oft a *Fair* may find
Her Passions mov'd by Passions well design'd;
And then she longs to meet a gentle Swain,
And longs to Love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an Am'rous Youth appears,
With Pants and Blushes she the Courtship hears;
And finds a Tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's *Septimius*, and his *Acme* she:
Thus lost in Thought her melted Heart she gives,
And the rais'd *Lover* by the *Poet* lives.

FINIS.